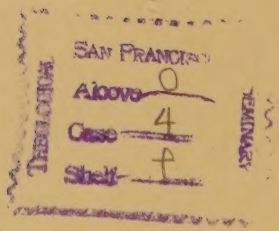
THE GATES of PARADISE and OTHER POEMS

EDWIN MARKHAM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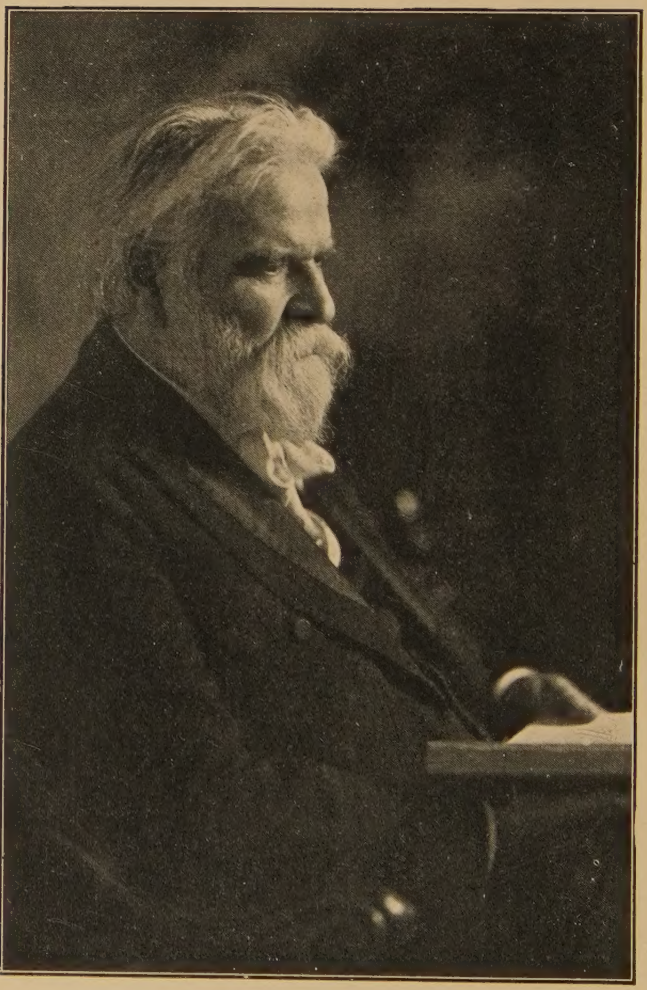


EDWIN MARKHAM

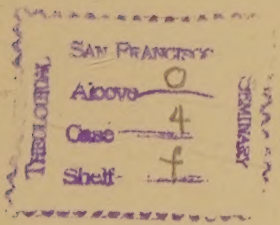
GATES OF PARADISE

AND OTHER POEMS

THE FOURTH VOLUME OF VERSE

BY

EDWIN MARKHAM



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DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
1927

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I VENTURE
—WITH EQUAL ADMIRATION AND AFFECTION—
TO DEDICATE THIS
MY LATEST VOLUME OF VERSE
TO THAT LOVER OF JUSTICE AND BROTHERHOOD
WHO HAS HAD THE COURAGE TO TAKE
UNPROFITABLE RISKS—
TO
THAT WRITER WHO WEARS THE GREATEST HONOUR
AND
BEARS THE GREATEST NAME
IN OUR CONTEMPORARY LETTERS—
TO
WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Some of these poems have appeared in "The Century," "McClure's," "The Cosmopolitan," "The Nautilus," "The Christian Herald," "The New York American," "The Los Angeles Examiner," "The Ladies' Home Journal," and magazines of The McClure's Syndicate; and the author thanks these publications for the use of these poems in this volume.

We must not forget the nation-wide pride in Edwin Markham, the nation-wide love of him—the poet who maintains the best tradition of the classic school, together with the modern challenge of social revolt, which makes him a veritable prophet in Israel . . . I regard Edwin Markham as our greatest contemporary poet; and I offer him as an all-sufficient answer to the assertion that the days of American poesy have passed.

—From Editorials in *Unity*, Chicago, 1919.

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VAN-COURIERS

TO ALL FRIENDS

Here are my songs, O child, O sage:
Come, bring your heart and let me win it.
You'll find my heart on every page:
The book is yours, with the heart that's in it!

PREPAREDNESS

For all your days prepare,
And meet them ever alike:
When you are the anvil, bear—
When you are the hammer, strike.

THE DIVINE STRATEGY

No soul can be forever banned,
  Eternally bereft:
Whoever falls from God's right hand
  Is caught into his left.

DUTY

When Duty comes a-knocking at your
gate,
Welcome him in; for if you bid him wait,
He will depart only to come once more
And bring seven other duties to your
door.

POESY

She comes like the husht beauty of the
night,
And sees too deep for laughter:
Her touch is a vibration and a light
From worlds before and after.

INFINITE DEEPS

The little pool, in street or field apart,
Glasses the vast heaven and the rushing storm;
And into the silent deep of every heart,
The Eternal throws its awful shadow-form.

THE PRAISE OF POVERTY

Not Wealth for me: she does us double
wrong:
She flits herself and takes our friends
along.
But Poverty ever shows a nobler heart:
She sticks to us when all our friends de-
part!

AT MY LADY'S WINDOW

GATES OF PARADISE

Ah, the way was hard and the wind was
cold,
And the fire in the heart was growing old:
Then you shone on the sky like a throb-
bing star,
And I saw the gates of the dawn unbar.
You came to me here in this battle of men,
And the horns of Arcady blew again!

Whenever I hear your spirit sing,
I feel the touch of a mystic wing.
At the sudden glance of your tender eye,
I am up and under another sky.
I have climbed from the dust, I have paid
the price,
I am treading the paths of my paradise!

THE IMPERISHABLE

You tell me that your name will fade,
Will vanish from me as a shade—
That you, in worlds to come, will pass
As vapour from a shining glass—
That in my spirit you will be
A raindrop melted in the sea.

No, Love, I might forget your brow,
Dream-lighted and immortal now;
I might forget your shining hair
That is my wonder and despair;
I might forget your shoulder's curve,
That cryptic smile, that old reserve.
Yes, even your soul so toucht with sun
Might sink into oblivion;
Yet something beautiful would stay
To gladden my immortal way,
One thing to stir the eternal years—
Your eyes that are so close to tears!

HOW TO GO AND FORGET

I know how to hold
As the lovers of old—
How to cling to you, sing to you,
Let all the world know the song that I
bring to you.
But I do not know yet
How to go and forget!

I know how to call
To the God over all—
How to sigh for you, cry for you,
Fight down the terrible dark till I die for
you.
But I do not know yet
How to go and forget!

YOUR TEARS

I dare not ask your very all:
I only ask a part.
Bring me—when dancers leave the hall—
Your aching heart.

Give other friends your lighted face,
The laughter of the years:
I come to crave a greater grace—
Bring me your tears!

WHEN

When I wait for your face
In some garden apart,
Little songs of your grace
Carol into my heart.

When I hear the loved sound
Of your feet that delay,
I am lifted and crowned
On the peaks of the day.

WINGS FOR THE SPIRIT

A MOMENT IMMORTAL

In the falling twilight, soft and still,
A ploughman trudges over the hill;
While down the glory in the west
A crane swings swiftly to her nest.
The trees upon the fading hight
Are listening for the coming night:
Two lovers are straying down the walk,
Their heads bent close in tender talk.

This is the picture: it will stay
As long as there is night and day.

MAN-MAKING

We all are blind until we see
That in the human plan
Nothing is worth the making if
It does not make the man.

Why build these cities glorious
If man unbuilded goes?
In vain we build the world, unless
The builder also grows.

APRIL'S COMING!

Bleak was earth for many a day;
  Snows of tempest whirled and whirled;
Now the flowers are on the way:
  April's coming down the world!

Joy went by with broken wing,
  All the leaves were dead and curled:
Now the dreams begin to sing:
  April's coming down the world!

And when golden days depart,
  And the earth is winter-furled,
Still if love is in the heart,
  April's coming down the world!

THE DARING ONE

I would my soul were like the bird
That dares the vastness undeterred.
Look, where the bluebird on the bough
Breaks into rapture even now!
He sings, tip-top, the tossing elm
As tho he would a world o'erwhelm.
Indifferent to the void he rides
Upon the wind's eternal tides.

He tosses gladly on the gale,
For well he knows he can not fail—
Knows if the bough breaks, still his wings
Will bear him upward while he sings!

THE NEVER-OLD

They who can smile when others hate,
Nor bind the heart with frosts of fate,
Their feet will go with laughter bold
The green roads of the Never-Old.

They who can let the spirit shine
And keep the heart a lighted shrine,
Their feet will glide with fire-of-gold
The green roads of the Never-Old.

They who can put the self aside
And in Love's saddle leap and ride,
Their eyes will see the gates unfold
To green roads of the Never-Old.

A TRUCE WITH TIME

Time and I have a happy truce:
He found at last it was no use
To blunt his swinging scythe on me:
So he agrees to let me be.

I am to speak no ill of Time,
But wreathe his brow with frequent rhyme,
Proclaiming all the wondrous things
He has in store for clowns and kings.

And he, to keep his word of grace,
Will pass me with averted face—
Will leave me on the green, forsooth,
Dancing with Love and Starry Youth.

A HUSHING SONG

Be still, be still, O soul,
As the peaks from pole to pole.
All shores are silent as the moon to-night;
All birds are resting from their ocean flight.

Be still, belovèd friend:
Let all sad memories end.
The old wild days of sorrow are no more,
And Love with beautiful joy is at the door.

Your soul is still, so still,
Husht in the Holy Will.
Rest, rest, O friend, for all is well with thee,
Folded and cradled in the mother-sea.

SING A WHILE LONGER

Has the bright sun set,
  Has the gale grown stronger?
Still we'll not grieve yet:
  We will sing a while longer!

Has our youth been met
  By Time the wronger?
Let us not grieve yet,
  Let us sing a while longer!

Is the world beset,
  Do the sorrows throng her?
Let us not grieve yet:
  Let us sing a while longer!

DEEPER CHORDS

LADIES, LADIES, HEAR THE TRUTH

Ladies, ladies, have a care:
  You have caused a world of sighs:
There is witchcraft in your hair,
  There is danger in your eyes.

Hark you ladies at the glass:
  Paint and powder by the tons,
Still your beauty all will pass
  Like the light of setting suns.

Though the blossom in your hair
  Were the rose that Eros gave,
Still the beauty that you wear
  Cannot save you from the grave.

Ladies, there are things above:
  Be more reverent of the years:
Leave a little time for love,
  Leave a little room for tears.

Ladies, ladies, have a care:
  You have slain so many men—
Raised them to immortal air—
  Turned them back to dust again.

Do not waste your laughters so:
  Be more saving of your words:
Let them shyly come and go
  Like the softly stepping birds.

You are drifting in the crowds,
  Dancing lightly on the crust:
Soon you will be husht with shrouds,
  Soon be little heaps of dust.

Ladies, ladies, hear the truth:
  You have beauty for a term,
You have laughter, you have youth—
  Then the pageant of the Worm!

YOUR GREAT HOUR

Eternities went by in flight
And yet you rose not into light.
The first stars showered upon the Void
And young heavens rose and were destroyed;
And still you did not rise to be,
Your bubble did not break the sea.

But now that you have heard the Voice
And risen to the world of choice,
Now that the stars look down on you,
What is the work that you will do—
What lofty life, what valiant deed
Ashine with splendour and with speed?
Do something, brother, to befit
An offspring of the Infinite!

THE PANTHER

The moon shears up on Tahoe now:
A panther leaps to a tamarack bough.
She crouches, hugging the crookèd limb:
She hears the nearing steps of him
Who sent the little puff of smoke
That stretched her mate beneath the oak.

Her eyes burn beryl, two yellow balls,
As Fate counts out his last footfalls.
A sudden spring, a demon cry,
Carnivorous laughter to the sky.
Her teeth are fastened in his throat
(The moon rides in her silver boat.)
And now one scream of long delight
Across the caverns of the night!

THE GIFT OF WORK

When I have touched the end of days
And bid farewell to earthly ways,
I have one thing to ask of Him
Who sings above the Seraphim—
The gift of work—more work to do
To let God's glory glimmer through.
For well I know that in the Lord
More work will be our work's reward.

Perhaps the Master's lips will say:
"He touched one heart upon the way,
So give some further work to him;
But he must draw the lines less dim—
This time must not so bungle there,
But give his sketch a nobler air.
He must put action in that curve;
Give to this feature more reserve.
His early colours were too thin:
He now must dash the beauty in
With bolder stroke.—This is the plan:
More work; by work we build the man!"

Mad woman, answer me! Where do you
go,
Why do you wander the long roads so
With jug of water and torch aflame?
What is the purpose no years can tame?
Over the roads, in dust, in mire,
You carry the water, you carry the fire.
Why do you go with never a wait
At a cottage door or a palace gate?

"Brother, I travel the world's huge span
To daring deeds for the help of man.
If I fail—how awful the mortal cost:
Millions of souls are forever lost!
I carry this water to quench the hells
And break man's fear of their ghastly
spells;
And I carry this fire to burn to air
The heavens that lure with the beauty
they wear.

For none should do good from the fear of pain,
And none from the lure of a heaven to gain.
So I shut all hells and heavens from sight,
And leave all clear for the soul's great fight."

A JUDGMENT HOUR

In 1780, the famous Dark Day descended upon New England, terrifying the people with a sense of coming judgment.

It was May-day noon and the world grew
still,
For night rushed down on shore and hill.
Noon turned to midnight: the sun was dead,
A blot in the blackness overhead.
The birds flew scared to their nesting
boughs:
There was neigh of horses and bellow of
cows:
The house dogs howled in a cringe of fear:
Men felt the Doomsday drawing near.
The bats came flittering out of their holes,
And the wicked suddenly thought of their
souls!

The Senate there in the Hall of State
Sat husht before descending fate.
Then voices cried in the Hall, "Behold,
This is the judgment hour foretold.
Out, Senators, out—away, away—
Out to the meeting-house to pray!"

Then with a grave and quiet face,
Uprose a senator in his place. . . .
O Muse of History, bring your crown
For Davenport of Stamford town!
"Hold," cried this son of Pilgrim sires!
"There's only one thing that Heaven
requires—
That we be found in our serving-place
When God reveals his awful face—
That each shall stand at his given post,
Whether a man or whether a ghost. . .
Bring in the candles: let us work
Even in the Judgment's gathering mirk.
Bring in the lights: let us be found
Doing our duty's common round.
Bring in the candles: keep to the task:
What more can Judgment Angels ask?"

THE DARING OF GOD

Back in the morning of the wistful years,
God dreamed a wonder-dream and then
He spake:
"Lo, out of the dust a mystery I will
make;
Make man and dower him with the gift of
tears,
With dreams and valours and the shadow-
fears,
With love and longing and a heart to
break—
A free soul poised for mastery or mis-
take. . .
Then leave him alone before the great
careers.

"I know the risk, the terror of My deed;
Yet I must make him free to be the seed
Of Seraphim who guard the cosmic gates:
Behold in his hand the glory and the curse
As he goes forth to build eternal fates:
Now there is danger in the universe!"

IMAGINATION

Blithe Fancy lightly builds with airy hands
Or on the edges of the darkness peers,
Breathless and frightened at the Voice she hears.
Imagination (lo, the sky expands!)
Travels the blue arch and Cimmerian sands—
Homeless on earth, the pilgrim of the spheres,
The rush of light before the hurrying years,
The Voice that cries in unfamiliar lands.

Men track the path of Saturn as he swings
Around the sun, circled with moons and rings;
But who shall follow on the awful flight
Of huge Orion through the dreadful deep?
Far on the dark abyss he seems to sleep,
Yet wanders the shoreless, old, inscrutable night.

AN EPITAPH

Let us not think of our departed dead
As caught and cumbered in these graves of earth;
But think of death as of another birth,
As a new freedom for the wings outspread,
A new adventure waiting on ahead,
As a new joy of more ethereal mirth,
As a new world with friends of nobler worth,
Where all may taste a more immortal bread.

So, comrades, if you pass my grave sometime,
Pause long enough to breathe this little rhyme:
"Here now the dust of Edwin Markham lies,
But lo, he is not here: he is afar
On life's great errands under mightier skies,
And pressing on toward some melodious star."

FINGER-POSTS FOR THE HIGHWAY

THE JUDGMENT BOOK

Vain as vain dust the evil done
By mortals under moon and sun;
For instantaneous as light
After the evil comes the blight.
And though the thunder fall unheard,
We cannot hope to hide the word,
For the great judgment angels trace
God's whispered fiat on the face:
Unknown to us the Judgment Book
Is open for the world to look.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE

On the bough of the rose is the prickling
briar;
The delicate lily must live in the mire;
The hues of the butterfly go at a breath;
At the end of the road is the house of
death.

Nay, nay: on the briar is the delicate rose;
In the mire of the river the lily blows;
The moth is as fair as a flower of the sod;
At the end of the road is a door to God!

RULES FOR THE ROAD

Stand straight:
Step firmly, throw your weight:
The heaven is high above your head,
The good gray road is faithful to your tread.

Be strong:
Sing to your heart a battle song:
Though hidden foemen lie in wait,
Something is in you that can smile at Fate.

Press through:
Nothing can harm if you are true.
And when the night comes, rest:
The earth is friendly as a mother's breast.

THE DAY AND THE WORK

To each man is given a day and his work
for the day;
And once, and no more, he is given to
travel this way.
And woe if he flies from the task, whatever
the odds;
For the task is appointed to him on the
scroll of the gods.

There is waiting a work where only your
hands can avail;
And so if you falter, a chord in the music
will fail.
We may laugh to the sky, we may lie for
an hour in the sun;
But we dare not go hence till the labour
appointed is done.

To each man is given a marble to carve for
the wall,
A stone that is needed to heighten the
beauty of all.

And only his soul has the magic to give
it a grace,
And only his hands have the cunning to
put it in place.

We are given one hour to parley and
struggle with Fate,
Our wild hearts filled with the dream, our
brains with the high debate.
It is given to look on life once, and once
only to die:
One testing, and then at a sign we go out
of this sky.

Yes, the task that is given to each man
no other can do;
So your work is awaiting: it has waited
through ages for you.
And now you appear; and the Hushed
Ones are turning their gaze
To see what you do with your chance in
the chamber of days.

THE NEEDLESS SOLAR SYSTEM

"The comet, he is coming, Emerson,
And when the dread thing crashes
Over the System, snuffing out the sun,
The planets will be ashes!

"The thing will scatter ruin wild and wide,
Unless perchance we've missed him!"
"Well, I can get along," the sage replied,
"Without the Solar System!"

THE RETORT OF PERICLES

One stormy night, after the Parthenon
Rose on the cliff of the Acropolis,
An angry rival for a fancied wrong
Followed the patient steps of Pericles
Home from the Agora, and for raucous hours
Hurled his hot rages on the noble Greek.
Then when the bellower wearied and grew still,
Wise Pericles sent out a torch to light
The tongue-worn fellow homeward through the night.

THE GREAT COLLEGE

They said to Hassan of the happy look:
"You know all pages in the wisdom-book:
In what great college were you taught, and who
Your high instructors in the good and true?"

"The world's my college," Hassan made reply,
"And I am taught by every passer-by.
For even life's darker pages all are writ
With many a message from the Infinite,
Yes, even her blotted record is a scroll
Shouting her fateful warning to the soul.

"Who were the teachers set my manners right?
The only ones we need—the impolite.
Who taught me to love justice, the august?

The only teachers needed—the unjust.
What teachers showed me virtue's paradise?
The ones with loudest tongue—the slaves of vice!"

LABOUR AND CULTURE

On seeing a poet making a war-garden

Poet, client of the Muses,
Life to you no good refuses;
In high peace your soul reposes
While you build your road of roses
  In the miracle of toil.

Poet, once I saw you hoeing
While a song was in you growing.
And again I saw you burrow
Down your field a long bright furrow:
  'Twas Apollo at the Plough.

Come, all thinkers, do bread-labour
And relieve the work-worn neighbour.
This way runs the path of duty,
This way fly the feet of Beauty,
  This way lies our Paradise!

OPPORTUNITY

In an old city by the storied shores
Where the bright summit of Olympus soars,
A cryptic statue mounted toward the light—
Heel-winged, tip-toed, and poised for instant flight.

"O statue, tell your name," a traveller cried,
And solemnly the marble lips replied:
"Men call me Opportunity: I lift
My winged feet from earth to show how swift
My flight, how short my stay—
How Fate is ever waiting on the way."

"But why that tossing ringlet on your brow?"
"That men may seize me any moment: *Now*,
NOW is my other name: to-day my date:
O traveller, to-morrow is too late!"

LUCRETIA

A poet was penning a lofty praise
Of that noble matron of old days;
Whereat a scholar, hot-foot, came
To cool the poet's lyric flame:
"Blot out the praises of her life,
Her honour and victorious strife.
If true, the tale were worth a rhyme;
But 'tis a fable of old time.
Lucretia never lived and died:
The Romans feigned her in their pride
To let Rome's high ideal shine,
That men might say it was divine—
To let the eyes of the future see
How great Rome's woman-dream could be.
Lucretia is only a flash of foam,
Air-blown, to feed the boast of Rome."

"Go to," the poet cried, all flame:
"Your words take nothing from her name.

If Rome could build so fair a dream,
Lucretia is a lyric theme.
Rome had the greatness to conceive:
I have the daring to believe!"

HELP FOR COURTS OF HERESY

A little child shall lead them.—The Bible.

Come, leave your candle, book, and bell:
Is the man cursed? His face will tell.
All records since the world began
Are written on the face of man.
His lack of love, his lack of awe,
Speak his defiance of the Law.
These heresies are all there are
In any heaven, in any star.

O Judges, when the doubts begin—
"Should he be out? Should he be in?"
Call on some little child to pick
With hasty glance the heretic.
For all that have the gift of grace
Will have it printed on the face.
Only dark thoughts that darken fate
Have power to excommunicate.

Yet there is danger in my plan
Of finding who is under ban.
For what if—looking round about—
The child should pick the Judges out!

THE STONE REJECTED

For years it had been trampled in the street
Of Florence by the drift of heedless feet—
The stone that star-toucht Michael Angelo
Turned to that marble loveliness we know.

You mind the tale—how he was passing by
When the rude marble caught his Jovian eye,
That stone men had dishonoured and had thrust
Out to the insult of the wayside dust.
He stooped to lift it from its mean estate,
And bore it on his shoulder to the gate,
Where all day long a hundred hammers rang.
And soon his chisels round the marble sang,

Till suddenly the hidden angel shone:
It had been waiting prisoned in the stone.

Thus came the cherub with the laughing face
That long has lighted up an altar-place.

THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES

Chile and Argentina, after quarrelling for generations over their boundary line, submitted the question to arbitration and settled it in good feeling. As an emblem of their peace and as a pledge of its permanence, the two republics united in the erection of an heroic statue of Christ on the highest Andean peak of the borderline.

Over dead craters, hushed with snows,
Up where the wide-winged condor goes,
Great Aconcagua, hushed and high,
Sends down the ancient peace of the sky.

So, poised in clean Andean air,
Where bleak with cliffs the grim peaks
stare,
Christ, reaching out his sacred hands,
Sheds his brave peace upon the lands.

There once of old wild battles roared
And brother-blood was on the sword;
Now all the fields are rich with grain
And only roses redden the plain.

Torn were the peoples with feuds and hates—
Fear on the mountain-walls, death at the gates;
Then through the clamour of arms was heard
A whisper of the Master's word.

"Fling down your swords: be friends again:
Ye are not wolf-packs: ye are men.
Let brother-counsel be the Law:
Not serpent fang, not tiger claw."

And then the war-torn nations heard,
And great hopes in their spirits stirred:
The red swords from their clenched fists fell,
And heaven shone out where once was hell!

They hurled their cannons into flame
And out of the forge the strong Christ came.
'Twas thus they moulded in happy fire
The tall Christ of their heart's desire. . . .

O Christ of Olivet, you hushed the wars
Under the far Andean stars:
Lift now your strong nail-wounded hands
Over all peoples, over all lands:
Stretch out those comrade hands to be
A shelter over land and sea!

SLAVES OF THE DRUG

Who are those haggard hosts
Groping the roads of earth—unburied ghosts—
Pale youth and tottering age, a spectral throng
By some invisible Master lured along?

Behold their eyes in burnt-out sockets glare
With glazed and frenzied stare.
Their bones are torture and their blood is fire,
Their will all withered to a fierce desire—
The hunger for a flame that feeds a flame,
And hurls red conflagration through the frame.

They grope in every land,
Driven ever onward by some dread command;

And in their shadow, ever at their side,
The wraiths of all their hopes and dreams
that died—
Phantoms that fling wild laughters and
wild tears
Into the crater of the wasted years.
And evermore behind them as they grope,
Three crosses loom upon life's barren
slope—
Three crosses, side by side,
Where Honour and Love and Truth are
crucified.

Ever they grope, and ever the Demon cries
Into their ear the music of his lies.
He whispers, "I am rapture, rest from
pain;
I brace the body and I light the brain."
And so he builds illusion into his slaves,
Hiding from them his skeletons and graves.
He lulls one grief, a thousand wake from
sleep;
He stills one ache, a thousand palsies
creep.

What is this Thing that scatters blight
and ban,
This stealthy Demon that unmakes a man?
What gives to dust of poppy and coca leaf
The power to build unreckonable grief?
What curse is on this dust?
What terrible "Thou must"?
What spirit builds this inframundane spell,
This fleeting heaven in the heart of hell?

Behold his bargainings: for life's bright
bloom,
He gives the bitter ashes of the tomb;
For strength, he gives a crumbling rope of
sand;
For honour, gives dishonour's scarlet
brand.
He whispers peace, but gives eternal thirst;
He builds bright visions filled with fangs
accursed.
He comes with feasting and a king's
salute,
But leaves black tables of the Dead Sea
fruit.

He offers realms, but gives a prison cell;
He pledges heaven, but brings the tooth
of hell.
For Beauty's gesture and her look of light,
For starry reason and for manly might,
He gives the skulking step, the furtive
eye,
The curse, the groan, the death that cannot die.

O brothers of the sorrows,
O brothers of the terrible to-morrows,
O captives blasted by the charnel breath,
Your names are written in the Book of
Death.
Yet brothers of the gray battalions wait . . .
Resolve: you still are greater than your
fate.
You can win back the dear lost dream of
old,
Regain your soul's lost hold.
Strong are your shackles—strong—yet
stronger still
Is the grim grapple of the awakened Will.

O brothers, in that might
Slumbers a power to shatter death and night.
O brothers, in your Will a god awaits,
A god with power to bend eternal Fates!

ECHOES FROM THE WORLD WAR

An Explanatory Note: I am a man of peace: war, in general, is one of the huge madnesses of men, and it can be cured only by the divine forces of love and justice. Nevertheless, in a world ruled by self-interest, it is necessary sometimes—in hours of supreme crisis—for a nation to rise full-armed in defence of her existence and the existence of human rights. A nation not willing to defend her existence deserves to perish. Still we must work for world peace. Sometime war will be seen to be antiquated and barbaric. It will cease like duelling and other ancient follies. If war does pass away under the light of political wisdom, it will pass away under the sense of humour, the sense of the absurd. Meanwhile, let us all labour for the organization of the World State, the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the Peoples.

E. M.

RUSSIA, ARISE!

(First printed in 1905)

Rise, Russia, to the great hour rise:
The dead are looking from the skies.
And God's hand, terrible with light,
Upreaching from the Arctic night,
Writes on the North with torch of fire—
Writes in one word the world's desire—
Writes awfully the word of man
Across the vast auroral span—
Writes "Freedom" that shall topple kings
And shake to dust their treasonings.

Because the gibbet and the chain
Scatter thy blood a sacred rain;
Because thou hast a soul all fire,
Under the hoof-marks and the mire;
Because thou hast a dream burned white
By many sorrows of the night;
Because thy grief has paid the price,
Paid it in tears and paid it thrice—
Therefore all great souls surge to thee,
The blown white billows of one sea—

Therefore thy spirit shall prevail,
For in thy failure God shall fail!

This is the hour; awake, arise!
A whisper on the Volga flies;
A wild hope on the Baltic leaps;
A rapture over the Neva sweeps;
A joy is on the trail that goes
Reddening the white Siberian snows;
The cliffs of Caucasus are stirred
With the glad wonder of a word;
The white wave of the Caspian speaks,
And Ural answers from her peaks.
The Kremlin bells in all their towers
Wait trembling for the hour of hours,
When they shall cry the People's will—
Cry Marathon and Bunker Hill!

GHOSTS IN FLIGHT

A Plea for Peace before America entered the World War.

Who are the ghosts in flight
Where siege guns spit their rage upon the night?
What shapes are those that shiver in the moon
About the towers and banners of Verdun?
And what those cries at night on hill and tarn
Down the long ruined Valley of the Marne?
They are the ghosts that cannot rest, that cry
Because there was no need to die.

And on the north still runs a line of fire
Where armies struggle in the battle-mire.
And yonder, see the crimson battle-rain
Upon the hights of Aisne;
And farther still upon the cliffs of Oise
The streaming banners and the loud huzzahs;

While far upon the east the marching masses
Are pouring through the wild Carpathian passes,
And the bright quiet flood
Of Vistula is red with brothers' blood.

Peace, peace, O men, for you are brothers all—
You in the trench and on the shattered wall.
Do you not know you came
Out of one Love and wear one sacred name?

FRANCE IN BATTLE-FLAME

O France, rose-hearted France,
You seemed of old the spirit of wingèd dance—
Light as a leaf that circles in the sky,
Light as a bubble when the billows fly.
We had forgot that in you burned the spark
That lit with dawn the spirit of Jeanne d'Arc:
We had forgot that in you burned the flame
With which Corday and Roland wreathed your name.
Then suddenly from the summer sky were hurled
War's mad incredible thunders on the world;
And at the sound we saw your soul upstart
To fold your stricken people to your heart.
Erect, imperious, you stood and smiled,
Your eyes divinely wild—

A sudden light upon your lifted face,
A splendour fallen from a starry place.

Debonair, delicate France,
Spirit of light, spirit of young romance,
Now we behold you dim in the battle-dust,
Roused, reticent, invincible, august.
We see you, a mother of sorrows where you stand,
The sword of Heaven alive within your hand,
The lilies in your hair
Blood-spattered from the crown of thorns you wear.
Too high you stand for fears—
Too still and terrible for mortal tears.

O France of the world's desire,
O France new-lighted by supernal fire,
Wrapt in your battle-flame,
All nations take a splendour from your name:

All souls are touched to greatness by your
soul.
In you we are reborn to noble dreams—
In you we see again the sacred gleams
From man's immortal goal.
The faith that rises from you as a star
Will light the ages coming from afar,
When men shall band in one confederate
fate
To build the beauty of the Comrade
State.

(*1914.*)

A SONG IN THE CHAOS

I know the grief of battles long ago,
The thunders of their hammers, blow on blow—
I know the cry out of the crumbling years,
The children's sob, the mother's hopeless tears.
I see the kingdoms touched with mortal blight,
Shrivel to ashes in the ancient night.
Yet spite of all the ruin and the wrong,
Deep in my heart I hear a little song.

Now far away the nations crash and curse,
Marring the music of the universe.
Ah, God, the homely hearths of Belgium
Are shattered and her singing groves are dumb.
And in the south the crater guns advance,
And all hearts tremble for the fate of France.

And yet the ramparts of my soul are strong,
And in my heart sounds on the eternal song.

(*1915.*)

THE FATE OF FRANCE

As dawn's last dreams are vanishing from me,
The thrush comes singing in the orchard tree.
Then as I startle from the slumber road,
The earth sweeps on me with her sorrow load—
Over me crashes the sense of her vast mischance:
All hopes are hanging on the fate of France!

I rouse my soul: I plunge into the day:
Bargain and barter in the usual way—
Rip open letters pouring from the mail—
Smile where I triumph, ponder where I fail.
Yet all goes by me like a misty trance:
All hopes are hanging on the fate of France!

When all floors murmur with departing
feet,
I lock the door and take the throbbing
street.
The great crowds thunder round me and
depart;
But over it all I hear a cry in my heart
That bodes the ruin of all the world's
romance:
All hopes are hanging on the fate of
France!

And in the evening hush of home, I hear
Beyond the Marne the marching heroes
cheer:
I see brave lines that waver and gain
breath
To hurl their valours into the front of
death.
Their glad cry thrills me like a lifted lance:
The whole world's future is the fate of
France!

(*June, 1918.*)

A SHOT-TORN ROAD IN FRANCE

Here ran a road for lovers once,
  With maples in the moon;
And under a bridge a water went
  Weaving a dreamy rune.

And high upon the sycamore,
  The nightingales all night
Besieged the dark with melody,
  Disturbed the boughs with flight.

And here in coverts of tall grass
  Looked up a friendly spring,
Glad to behold a face bent down,
  Or feel a fleeting wing.

But now the lovers come no more;
  The road is rutted and marred
By wheels and shrieking shells: the trees
  Are shattered, chopped, and charred.

New graves are billowing now: the field
  Like windy water heaves:
The nightingales are gone: the spring
  Is choked with bloody leaves.

And here at noon a vulture swoops
  On obscene errands bound;
And here at night remembering ghosts
  Go by without a sound.

A SONG FOR HEROES

I

A song for the heroes who saw the sign
And took their place in the battle-line.
They were walls of granite and gates of brass,
These heroes that cried, "They shall not pass."
And they hurled them back in a storm of cheers,
And the sound will echo on over the years.

And a song for the end, for the glorious end,
And the soldiers marching up over the bend
Of the broken roads in gallant France—
The homing heroes who took the chance,
Who looked on life, and with even breath
Faced the winds from the gulfs of death.
Their hearts are running on over the graves—
Over the battle-wrecks—over the waves—

Over the scarred fields—over the foam—
On to America—on to home.

II

And a song for the others, the heroes slain
In Argonne Forest—in Saint-Gobain—
In the flowery meadows of Picardy—
In Belgium—in Italy—
From brave Montello to the sea.
A song for the heroes gone on ahead
To join the hosts of the marching dead—
A song for the souls that could lightly fling
Sweet life away as a little thing
For the sake of the mighty need of earth,
The need of the ages coming to birth.

All praise for the daring God who gave
Heroic souls that could dare the grave—
Praise for the power He laid on youth
To challenge disaster and die for truth.
What greater gift can the High God give,
Than the power to die that the truth may live?

Glory to the Lord, the Hero of Heaven,
He whose wounds in his side are seven—
Glory that He gathers the heroes home,
Out of the red fields, out of the foam—
Gathers them out of the Everywhere,
Into the Camp that is Over There!

OUR DEAD, OVERSEAS

In Italy, in Belgium, in France,
They sleep ensphered in glorious circumstance.

With high heroic heart
They did their valiant part.
They gave the flower-like glory of their youth
To lie in heaps abhorrent and uncouth.
For us they gave their life to its last breath—
For us they plunged on into the gulf of death.
They turned from these bright skies
To lie with dust and silence on their eyes.

Yet they have wages that we know not of—
Wages of honour and immortal love.
For they went down only to live again
In the eternal memory of men—

To be warm pulse-beats in the greatening soul
That drives the blind world onward to her goal.
They are not dead: life's flag is never furled:
They passed from world to world.
Their bodies sleep; but in some nobler land
Their spirits march under a new command:
New joys await them there
In hero heavens wrapt in immortal air.

Rejoice for them, rejoice:
They made the nobler choice.
How shall we honour their deed—
How speak our praise of this immortal breed?
Only by living nobly, as they died—
Toiling for Truth denied,
Loyal to something bigger than we are—
Something that swings the spirit to a star.

PEACE OVER EARTH AGAIN

Rejoice, O world of troubled men;
For peace is coming back again—
Peace to the fields where hatred raves,
Peace to the trodden battle-graves,
Peace to the trenches running red,
Peace to the hosts of the fleeing dead.

'Twill be the peace the Master left
To hush the world of peace bereft—
The peace proclaimed in lyric cries
That night the angels broke the skies.
Again the shell-torn hills will be
All green with barley to the knee;
And little children sport and run
In love once more with earth and sun.
Again in rent and ruined trees
Young leaves will sound like silver seas;
And birds now stunned by the red uproar
Will build in happy boughs once more;
And to the bleak uncounted graves
The grass will run in silken waves;

And a great hush will softly fall
On tortured plain and mountain wall,
Now wild with cries of battling hosts
And curses of the fleeing ghosts.

And men will wonder over it—
This red upflaming of the Pit;
And they will gather as friends and say,
"Come, let us try the Master's way.
Ages we tried the way of swords,
And earth is weary of hostile hordes.
Comrades, read out His words again:
They are the only hope for men!
Love and not hate must come to birth;
Christ and not Cain must rule the earth."

A CHRISTMAS CAROL AFTER WAR

He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts. He hath put down princes from their thrones, and hath exalted those of low degree. The hungry he hath filled with good things, and the rich he hath sent empty away.—*From Mary's Song:* LUKE I.

O sons of time, lift happy hands
And shout hozannas in all lands!
Shout in this jubilant hour of earth,
The victory hour of solemn mirth,
This gladdest hour the world has known
Since—on high errand from the Throne—
The angels wheeled in squadron flight
Across the star-stilled Syrian night,
Their new song showering shore and hill:
"Peace to the men of friendly will."

O sons of time, lift happy hands,
And shout hozannas in all lands!
For while earth quivered with alarm,
The Lord reached out his warrior arm,
And impious rulers proud with swords,
Leading—in hate—their trampling hordes
Have fallen from their seats, and He
Hath lifted those of low degree.

The hungry He hath filled with cheer,
The rich with emptiness and fear.

O sons of time, lift happy hands
And shout hozannas in all lands!
After the tread of tragic years,
Drenched with man's blood and woman's
tears,
The kingdoms builded on the night
Have fallen; and the rising light
Breaks on the hilltops of the world,
Where the flag of the People is unfurled.
Praise God who through the battle-wrath
Still leads the nations on the Path.

O sons of time, lift happy hands
And shout hozannas in all lands!
Sing with the rapture of the lark
That hails the dawn above the dark—
Sing as my green Sierras sing
When forests shake and canyons ring—
Sing with the thunder of the tides
Crashing on granite mountain sides—
Sing as the morning stars in flight
Sang at the word, "Let there be light!"

THE RED CROSS

O League of Kindness, woven in all lands,
You bring Love's tender mercies in your hands;
You come wherever misery appears
To heal the wounds and wipe away the tears.

O League of Kindness, easing grief and pain,
Working with God beyond the thought of gain,
Above all flags you lift the conquering sign,
And hold invincible Love's battle-line.

O League of Kindness, in your far-flung bands,
You weave a chain that reaches to God's hands;
And where blind guns are plotting for the grave,
Yours are the lips that cheer, the arms that save.

O League of Kindness, in your flag we see
A foregleam of the brotherhood to be
In ages when the agonies are done,
When all will love and all will lift as one.

A SONG OF VICTORY

A carol at the end of the world war

I

O bugles, ripple and shine,
Calling the heroes home from the battle-line.
Praise praise, praise,
For the last of the desperate days!
Shake out the lyrical notes
From the silvery deep of your throats.
Burst into joy-mad carols: tell again
The story and glory of heroic men.

Glad are the love-birds in the leafy tree,
But none so glad as we.
High leap the rock-flung billows to the sky,
But none leaps up so gladly and wildly high
As leap our jubilant hearts.
The Fear that crouched upon the world departs,

And Joy comes back pavilioned by the sun.
Let all the mountains clap their hands and run:
Let all the oceans from their throats of thunder
Shout to the streams and storms and stars the wonder!

II

O bugles, circle on from sky to sky,
Travel the roads of the world with joyous cry.
Blow, bugles, turn dead air to thrilling breath:
Cry, cry eternal victory over death—
Cry into the ear of time the shining word—
Cry solemnly yet elate—
That man is ever greater than his fate,
That—at some touch of God—his soul is stirred
By swift translunar gleams
Which give him power to perish for his dreams.

Praise, praise, praise,
For the new beginning of days!
Praise for the living, honour for the dead—
Praise for the wreathèd and the wreathless head.
Praise and victorious peace
On hearts that beat and on the hearts that cease—
Peace on the mortal and the immortal way—
Peace on the heroes vanished from our day,
Called onward from these bounds of fleeting breath
To join the old democracy of death.

III

Sing and be glad, O nations, in these hours:
Blow clarions from all towers!
Let bright horns revel and the joy-bells rave;
Yet there are lips whose smile is ever vain
And wild wet eyes behind the window pane,
For whom the whole world dwindles to one grave,

A lone grave at the mercy of the rain.
The victor's laurel wears a wintry leaf:
Sing softly, then, as though the mouth
of Grief,
Remembering all the agony and wrong,
Should stir with mighty song.
Not all the glad averment of the guns,
Not all our odes, nor all our orisons,
Can sweeten these intolerable tears,
These silences that fall between the cheers.

And yet our hearts must sing,
Carol and clamour like the tides of Spring.
For the great work is ended, and again
The world is safe for men;
The world is safe for high heroic themes;
The world is safe for dreams.

IV

But now above the thunder of the drums—
Where, brightening on, the face of Victory
comes—
Hark to a mighty sound,
A cry out of the ground:

Let there be no more battles: field and flood
Are weary of battle blood.
Even the patient stones
Are weary of shrieking shells and dying groans.
Lay the sad swords asleep;
They have their fearful memories to keep.
And fold the flags: they weary of battle days,
Weary of wild flights up the windy ways.
Quiet the restless flags,
Grown strangely old upon the smoking crags.
Look where they startle and leap—
Look where they hollow and heap—
Now greatening into glory and now thinned,
Living and dying momently on the wind.
And bugles that have cried on sea and land
The silver blazon of their high command—
Bugles that held long parley with the sky—
Bugles that shattered the nights on battle walls,
Lay them to rest in dim memorial halls;
For they are weary of that curdling cry
That tells men how to die.
And cannons worn out with their work of hell—
The brief abrupt persuasion of the shell—

Let the shrewd spider lock them, one by one,
With filmy cables glancing in the sun;
And let the bluebird in their iron throats
Build his safe nest and spill his rippling
notes.
Let there be no more battles, men of earth:
The new age rises singing into birth!

A CAROL FOR THE NEW YEAR

After the world war

Blow, bugles, blow!
The dark days into old oblivion go.
Blow gladness from the summits of the world;
The battle-flags are furled—
Wild flags that startled up at every breath—
Banners that beat against the winds of death.
They have their rest at last,
Rich with heroic memories of the past.

And on old fields, tortured with shot and shell—
Where men ran laughing into the battle-hell—
There is vast silence, and the cannons sleep;
And birds will come when April grasses leap,

Come out of the glowing South
To build their nests in many a cannon's mouth.
And they will shower their notes
Among the poppies and the blowing oats;
And the sad hearts of men
Will leap to life and learn to love again.
And there in the night's deep noon,
When shadow softly falls
Over the shot-torn walls,
Frail wings will come to wander in the moon—
Wander in long delight
Through Europe's vast, star-filled, delicious night.

II

Blow, bugles, blow!
The battle years have ended, and we go
Onward to meet the future with a song,
Knowing our might is greater than all wrong—
Knowing we have a key for every gate
And that the heart has dare for every fate—

Knowing that God is in the years ahead,
As He was with us when the roads were red.

Blow, bugles, blow!
The shames and tyrannies begin to go.
Sing, bugles, sing into the ear of time
The end of the ancient crime—
Sing with a silver tongue,
Let all old faces gladden and grow young,
And let the hearts of youth
Sing with the glory of the world's New Truth—
The high glad brother-hail;
For nevermore must Love's great purpose fail—
Never again the hopes depart
Out of the world's joy-stilled, grief-greatened heart.

OUR FLEET IN THE WEST

Swing in, O squadrons, swing in to be
The gallant guard of our Western Sea.
In each proud ship that furrows the foam
We all see America—Liberty—Home.

O ships, that rest on the billows' unrest,
Swing in as the sea-birds swing to their nest.
You come not to startle with battle alarms,
But to hold in the peace of a mother's arms.

O ships, you were moulded of glowing steel,
Moulded in furnace fire down to the keel;
But when the cold metal had burned to white rose,
Love was the hammerer striking the blows.

Yea, at the mandate of Love you came,
Out of the furnace's crater flame,
To guard the gates at the world's extreme,
To leave free way for the people's dream

It was Love that summoned the terrible strength
That crouches and purrs in your long gray length.
So we sing you glad welcome, great ocean guest,
As you come to your love-watch here in the West.

We see in your banner, now doubled, now thinned,
The flag that will float in the world's last wind.
Tyrants shall quake at the dare of its flight,
Freemen shall rest in the shade of its might.

Wherever you ride, O imperious fleet,
There the glad hearts of America beat;
Wherever your brave ships sheer the sea,
You carry the hope of a world made free.

The wind in your banners, glad of the sun,
Is the breath of a people breathing as one;
And wherever your bright flags ripple and
fly,
There is the laughter of God in the sky.

MEMORABLE MEN

FATHER McGLYNN

A TRIBUNE OF THE PEOPLE

In memory of the eightieth birthday of this brave apostle of social justice, this patriot of humanity.

I never heard your voice, great priest,
  Yet felt afar the might of it.
I knew your face was toward the East:
  I felt the morning light of it.

Your love of Justice was a flame
  That lit your world with gleam of her:
You fought for justice in the Name,
  Where laggards only dream of her.

To love and lift was all your creed:
  Child-bold, you went the way of it:
You crammed your doctrine into deed,
  To bring the golden day of it.

Hero, you saw the truth and dared
In that immortal hour of you:
Because you held no good unshared,
The world still feels the power of you.

You took the part of trampled men,
And so you took the part of God:
Your great love served the world, and then
Death drew you to the heart of God!

TO WILLIAM WINTER

A lusty Winter, frosty but kindly.
—*As You Like It.*

Hail, comrade, we are gathering to lend
Praise to the poet, honour to the friend.
'Tis well that happy thousands cluster here
To laud your name in Shakespeare's mighty year;
For all his lofty lore and lyric art
Have breathed their wonder music on your heart.
And he who taught the players how to speak,
Would clap you on the shoulder, kiss your cheek;
Because *our* William with a heart of oak
Held to high purpose all *our* player-folk.

In the great days departed you were friend
Of noble souls who made of Art an end—

Forrest, tempestuous, with throat of thunder,
A rush of lightning with the whirlwind under—
Our Edwin Booth, pale Hamlet's very double,
Whose probing thought found life an empty bubble—
Irving, who flung on men the woven spell
Of Shylock's hatred hissing out of hell—
Salvini, who across the silent years
Called to our hearts the Moor's immortal tears—
Our Mansfield, whose wild laughter summoned back
Mad Richard, cynic, king, demoniac—
Our Rehan, wandered from the Wood of Arden,
A glad girl stepping out of Shakespeare's garden—
Blithe Ellen Terry, light and lyric wild,
Romance's sister, Fancy's April child—
Modjeska, Neilson, Marlowe, lovely trine,
Each with her separate glory—all divine!

These and a thousand others—women and men—
Who made dead days upstart to life again—
Whose magic touch let life's old mystery rush
Over our hearts in a great wonder hush . . .
If now we have no more the noble rage
And elfin beauty of the elder stage,
If we have fallen upon evil days
Of hectic drama and of raucous praise,
Still is Will Winter with us to remind
Of the great art that we have left behind.
This is a kind star in our horoscope,
For while we can remember we can hope.

You marked them all, the sad glad Thespian throng;
You cheered with laurel or you flayed with thong.
One purpose marched beside you from your youth—
To honour Art and not dishonour Truth.

You never bowed to fashion, knelt to
power,
Nor praised the simulacrums of the hour.
Knowing the stars abide though vapours
fly,
You stood your ground and let the crowds
go by.

. . .

And so wherever Time shall speak your
fame,
Truth will nail high this writ above your
name:
He kept his soul unspotted of the mire
Wherein so many smirch their souls for hire.
However fortune wavered, still all men
Revered the austere honour of his pen.
God made him of unpurchasable stuff:
Say this at last and this will be enough!

VOICES ACROSS THE VOID

Lines written in honour of Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone

Three wizards called the lightnings to
their hands
And witched the world with wonder in all
lands.
Morse with a flower-touch loosed the
wingèd word
To ride the wires until the world's end
heard.
Marconi shakes the ocean of the air,
And sends our words into the Everywhere.
But Bell flings off the cipher and the sign,
And with a cunning nearer the divine,
Lets out across the void man's living voice
To sorrow or rejoice,
Dispels the distances, shrinks up the
spaces,
Brings back the voices and the vanished
faces,
Holds men together though the feet may
roam,
Makes of each land a little friendly home.

The wires are everywhere,
The tingling nerves of the air.
Benetting cities, speaking for all hearts,
From floor to floor their whispered lightning darts.
Looping the prairies, leaping hills and lakes,
Over the world their whispered lightning shakes.
They stitch the farms and link the battle-line:
They thread the Alps and down the Congo twine:
They throb among the Pyramids, and speak
Where Fujiyama lifts her perfect peak.

A fable it will seem in years to come:
How Bell gave speech to spaces that were dumb.
A fable it will seem:
He was one man, the one man with the dream.

When youth was on his brow,
He was a conscript burdened with a vow:
He was a man constrained
To seek a vision that the world disdained,
A vision that called laughters to the lips,
Laughters more stinging than the whistling whips.
"*Crumple the spaces, speak across the miles?*"
How could the wise ones cover up their smiles!
"*Send out our syllables like flying birds?*"
How could the wise ones frame their scorn in words!
Now that the deed is done,
And cried before the footsteps of the sun,
Honour the man, whose gift from the All-Good
Is shrinking earth into one neighbourhood.

And so, great guest, magician of the voice,
We come to crown that gray head and rejoice.
We gather here to-night
To glory a little in your life's long fight.

Take at our hands this humble wreath of
praise
For all the toil and victory of your days.
Take this poor wreath: 'tis all we have to
give
To those that nobly serve and nobly live.

THE WORLD CHARLES DICKENS MADE

When I saw those Venetian palaces, I thought that to leave one's hand upon the time with one tender touch for the mass of toiling people—a touch that nothing could obliterate—this would be to lift one's self above the dust of all the Doges in their graves.

—Charles Dickens.

They came, a thronging and belovèd band,
Charles Dickens, when you raised your wizard hand.
A thousand and a half thousand more,
They came to wander on this earthly shore—
Your folk called into Time from No Man's Land,
Beings not high and lordly and far away
But fashioned of the stuff of everyday—
A whimsy and motly race,
Commingled of the noble and the base,
Of seraph and of satyr, like the souls
That walk our world to their unreckonable goals.

You called them into life, a hurrying crowd.
Some came with Nature's knack
Of joy, tasting of life with pleasant smack—
Some with their own wild sinning, bent and bowed,
Each with his own hell loaded on his back.
And some came bending under the world's wrong,
Till men your holy anger had made strong
Rose up to smite for God the fatted greed
That grows and gorges on a brother's need.
And some came young and innocent, to move
Unharmed among the dark and vile, to prove
How valiant and invulnerable is truth—
How silver-armoured in immortal youth.
Gently you lit as with the light of day
The unpublished virtues of the common way—
Showed how the old humanities endure
Down in the hard-pressed coverts of the poor.

You were the friend of the rejected ones,
The witness for the humble, for the sons
Of misery forgotten in their tears
And trampled by the hoof-beats of the years.
You raised for human rights a world-heard cry,
One that is sounding on from sky to sky.
Yet not with sword you came
To batter down the walls of sham and shame;
But with a wind of laughter, glad and strong,
You hurled away the props of ancient wrong.

Your mimic world sweeps by upon its way,
A pageant on a lighted stage rehearsed,
A curious host, now grieving and now gay—
Each in his little whirl of dust immersed—
Each caught into his ring of circumstance—
Some moved by law and some by whimsy chance.

Tragic, heroic, wise, absurd,
They came and vanished at your sovereign word;
All foolish and fantastical as we
Appear, perhaps, to angels as they see
Our crookèd thought, our gesture, our grimace,
As we plunge on into the heated race,
Forgetting stars for pebbles of no worth,
Forgetting, too, our high immortal birth.

Wizard, you sent from your creative hand
Strange shapes to walk and peer in life's old land—
Shapes kin to those we jostle in the street,
Shapes friendly as the forms we daily greet.
And of that host to which your word gave breath,
Many there are that never shall taste death.
They live and move among us as a part
Of all that share the memories of the heart.

And something of their sorrow and their mirth
Will stay to cheer and chasten the old earth,
As long as there are any tears
On earth, or any laughters down the years.

And so Shakespeare looks back and smiles to see
Pickwick and Falstaff in one roistering glee,
Immortal now beyond Time's hurt or harm,
Going down the world together, arm in arm—
Where Little Nell and sweet Miranda go
Straying green fields with April flowers ablow—
Where Mistress Quickly by the evening lamp
Sits nodding and babbling on with Sairy Gamp—
Where dwarfed Dan Quilp and crookèd Caliban
(Warped effigies of man)
Wrestle in wolfish hug,
Snarling and grinning in a savage tug.

And so, Charles Dickens, whatsoe'er betide,
You have the Master's smile: be satisfied.
Go gladly on, content wherever you are,
Doing your happy work in any star.
Shakespeare looks back, and thinks the look worth while:
Be satisfied, for you have won his smile.

SONGS TO THE SUPERNAL WOMAN

A SONG TO THE DIVINE MOTHER*

I

Come, Mighty Mother, from the bright abode,
Lift the low heavens and hush the Earth again;
Come when the moon throws down a shining road
Across the sea—come back to weary men.

But if the moon throws out across the sea
Too dim a light, too wavering a way,
Come when the sunrise paves a path for Thee
Across the waters brightening into day.

*This song should be read in the light of the deep and comforting truth that the Divine Feminine as well as the Divine Masculine Principle is in God—that He is Father-Mother, Two-in-One. It follows from this truth that the dignity of womanhood is grounded in the Divine Nature itself. The fact that the Deity is Man-Woman was known to the ancient poets and sages, and was grafted into the nobler religions of mankind. The idea is implied in the doctrine of the Divine Father, taught by our Lord in the Gospels; and it is declared in the first chapter of Genesis in the words: "God said, Let Us make man in Our image, after Our likeness. . . . So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him; male and female created He them."

Dead nations saw Thee dimly in release—
In Aphrodite rising from the foam:
Some glimmer of thy beauty was on Greece,
Some trembling of thy passion was on Rome.

For ages Thou hast been the dim desire
That warmed the bridal chamber of the mind:
Come shining from the heavens with holy fire,
And spread divine contagion on mankind.

Descend, O Mother, to life's imperilled land,
That we may frame our freedom into fate:
Descend, and on the throne of nations stand,
That we may build thy beauty in the State.

Shine through the frame of nations for a light,
Move through the hearts of heroes in a song:
It is thy beauty wilder than the night,
That husht the heavens and keeps the high gods strong.

II

I know, Supernal Woman, Thou dost seek
No song of man, no worship, and no praise;
But Thou wouldst have dead lips begin to speak,
And dead feet rise to walk immortal ways.

Yet listen, Tender Mother, to the child
Who has no voice but song to tell his pain—
Nothing but broken numbers, faint and wild,
Thin as the music of a woodland rain.

His song is only a little twilight cry,
Less than the whisper of a river reed;
Yet Thou canst hear in it the souls that die—
Feel in its pain the vastness of our need.

I would not mar the mouth of song to tell
My life's long passion and my heart's long grief,
But Thou canst hear the ocean in one shell,
And see the whole world's winter in one leaf.

So here I stand at the world's weary feet,
And cry the sorrow of the tragic years:
I cry because I hear the world's heart beat,
Weary of battle and worn by many tears.

For ages Thou hast breathed upon mankind
A faint wild tenderness, a vague desire;
For ages stilled the whirlwinds of the mind
And sent on lyric seers the rush of fire.

Some day our homeless cries will draw Thee down,
And the old brightness on the ways of men
Will send a hush upon the jangling town,
And broken hearts will learn to love again.

Come with the face that husht the heavens of old—
Come with thy maidens in a mist of light;
Haste for the night falls and the shadows fold,
And voices cry and wander on the hight.

Come, Bride of God, to fill the vacant throne,
Touch the dim Earth again with sacred feet;
Come build the Holy City of white stone,
And let the whole world feel thy bosom beat.

THE MOTHER OF THE MANY NAMES

I am the Queen of the universe, the giver of all. Although I am one by my powers, yet I appear as manifold.—THE RIG VEDA.

In a thousand dim pools are reflected the ghosts of the sun:
So your shadows on earth have been many, yet you have been one.
You inhabit Eternity, mystic, immortal, sublime;
Yet shadows of you have appeared in these chambers of time.

You husht all the East with your face in the morning of earth,
In the flower of your rapture when beauty was breaking to birth.
It was back in the youth of the world, the adorable dawn:
It was back in the morning of man, ere the Face was withdrawn.

You scattered the fire of your song on the
wonderful years,
Till men were atremble with joy and
mysterious tears.
So the bards of the Vedas beheld you in
vision go by,
Beheld you and cried to the dawn a world-
echoing cry.

Then you rose on Assyria, rose in the
sworded Ishtar
As the Goddess that leads on the march of
the bright morning star.
And you rose in the moon as Astarte on
Sidon and Tyre,
And sent upon Carthage a silence—the
snow of your fire.

Where Jehovah projected his shadow and
cried his decree
On the strange tribes that huddled in fear
by the way of the sea,

You were there as ElShaddai, "the
Mother with nourishing breast,"
And wherever were tears, you were there
as a mercy and rest.

Leaning forth to the wind and whirled on
in your lion-drawn car,
You travelled the Phrygian peaks as a
mystical star.
You were Cybele crowned, and the ends
of the earth knew your feet:
Your beauty was whispered in Sardis, your
altars were lighted in Crete.

And your glory descended on Cyprus: your
name was a word
Wherein all the sounds of the sea in one
music were heard.
You were swift Aphrodite: you rose from
the flight of the foam
To scatter wild beauty on Hellas, white
wonder on Rome.

And you shone through the face of Athene,
the sword-brightened one;
For you stir the delight of the heroes, the
lords of the sun.
In the fire of your passion God's warriors
stand guard at all gates,
To beat back the rise of the hells, the all-
ruining fates.

And afar on the North you were Frigga,
and your heart went wild
When the fire-ship bore out to sea your
all-beautiful child.
You stood by the Life-Tree Igdrasil: the
boughs felt your breath,
And the roots knew your grief as they
plunged through the kingdoms of
death.

In Egypt men saw you as Isis, the vail-
covered one,
The moon-bride of shining Osiris, the Lord
of the Sun.

And now we cry out for your glory, for in you we see
The Woman who was, and who is, and forever shall be.

You are she whom all nations acclaimed in their glorious hours:
You are she whom all poets adored on their star-lighted towers.
And now at the end of the ages we are calling again:
Descend to us, Mother, to brighten the dark roads of men!

THE WOMAN OF DREAMS

Descend to us, Woman of Wonder, to lift
and release:
Your face was a rapture on Rome and a
glory on Greece:
Yet they saw only dimly and followed your
brightness afar
As a dreamer might follow in dream a
mysterious star.

You arose ere the planets appeared or the
first suns began,
And out of your Godhead descended the
god that is man.
For you are the Mother of Life and the
circling spheres,
And out of you blossom the worlds and
the wonderful years.

Lo, you are the Spirit of Beauty that
touches with fire
The heroes of heavens till they burn with
a starry desire.

Your face is a light to all nations, a joy to all grief;
And you come with a whisper of April at the fall of the leaf.

You bring back the song to the world when the tempests destroy,
And the cold winter nests are rekindled to shout a new joy.
Till the deeps of the ocean run dust will your days endure:
Though the stars of the morning turn ashes, your beauty is sure.

For you are the Goddess of God and the secret of Fate,
And till you appear in your glory the whole world must wait.
In you are the hopes of the heart and the great births of Time:
In you is the song of the centuries marching in rhyme.

So, Woman of Fire, we will follow the
wind of your flight,
And will worship your face in the hush of
mysterious night.
We will build you brave altars and bind
them with odorous boughs,
And will kneel to your Name as we whisper
the lyrical vows.

We will sing you glad songs as they sang
in the ages gone,
When the poets of Arya lifted their arms
to the Dawn.
We will lift up our hands on the hills by
the star-broken streams
To worship you, Mother of Eros, O
Woman of Dreams!

THE END

A CHORUS OF CRITICAL OPINIONS

"Edwin Markham, America's greatest poet."—The New York Globe.

"Edwin Markham is our greatest living poet."—Joyce Kilmer.

"Edwin Markham, the master-poet of our choir."—George Stirling.

"A poem by Markham is a national event."—Robert Underwood Johnson.

"Edwin Markham, king among poets!" —Salamón de la Selva.

"Edwin Markham is the greatest poet of the century."—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

"Edwin Markham is the Poet Laureate of America."—Michael Monahan.

"Edwin Markham, the most talked-of literary man in America."—The Saturday Evening Post.

"The heights where stand a Keats, a Markham, a Milton."—Eden Phillpots.

"The Markhamic message is greater than the Emersonian one."—Bailey Millard.

"Edwin Markham's poem, 'The Man with the Hoe,' set the whole world thinking and talking."—The New York Weekly Witness.

"Edwin Markham's 'Outwitted' is the greatest quatrain ever written."—Anna Hempstead Branch.

"No other poem in the world ever attracted so much attention as Edwin Markham's 'The Man with the Hoe.'"—The San Francisco Chronicle.

"Edwin Markham's poetic work maintains a higher level than the work of any other living American poet."—George Hamlin Fitch.

"Edwin Markham is easily our greatest living poet; he is the dean of the world's poets."—George Stirling.

"Excepting always my dear Whitcomb Riley, Edwin Markham is the first of the Americans."—William Dean Howells.

"Edwin Markham's 'The Man with the Hoe' is the whole Yosemite—the thunder, the might, the majesty."—Joaquin Miller.

"Markham's 'The Man with the Hoe' will be the battle-cry of the next thousand years."—Jay William Hudson.

"Edwin Markham's great poem, 'The Man with the Hoe,' is regarded as the mightiest expression of the mightiest problem of all time."—Wheeler's Literary Readers.

"Edwin Markham is the greatest poet of the Social Passion that has yet appeared in the world."—Alfred Russell Wallace.

"Edwin Markham is one of the greatest poets of the age, and the greatest poet of democracy."—Francis Grierson.

"Edwin Markham is a great poet, a great man—in fact, an institution whose indorsement is a title to Valhalla."—William Griffith.

"There is Edwin's Markham's 'The Man with the Hoe'—no other poem ever swung so swiftly into the mouths of men from sea to sea."—The London Critic.

"Edwin Markham's poem, 'The Man with the Hoe,' is magnificent. It is impressive in the highest degree and reeks with humanity and morality."—Professor William James.

"Edwin Markham's poem, 'The Man with the Hoe,' is worth all the rest of the poetry that has been written in America since the death of the Masters."—Madison Cawein.

"In Edwin Markham's poem, 'The Man with the Hoe,' the passion for social righteousness fuses into a white heat, and is molded by the poet into a pure form of austere beauty."—Harriet Monroe.

"Edwin Markham's 'Lincoln, the Man of the People,' is the greatest American poem; and his poem, 'The Man with the Hoe,' is undoubtedly the greatest poem of the world."—John Burns, Member of the British Cabinet.

"If you were to ask the first man you meet in the street who wrote 'Hamlet,' 'The Idyls of the King,' or 'The Man with the Hoe,' he would be most likely to know who wrote the hoe-poem."—The Seattle Post Intelligencer.

"Edwin Markham's 'The Man with the Hoe,' is the supreme poem now on the face of the globe; and Edwin Markham is the greatest poet on the American continent."—Edgar Lucian Larkin.

"It is long since I entertained a doubt of Edwin Markham's eventual primacy among contemporary American poets."—Ambrose Bierce.

"We who are standing here will pass into oblivion—we and all our works will vanish; but the name of Edwin Markham will echo down the centuries."—Thomas Marshall, Vice-President of the United States.

"The storm-voiced Edwin Markham—a voice of large authority, terse as Tacitus, in non-conformity sublime—a vibrant voice the world must hear and heed—the clearest prophetic voice of this beclouded epoch."—Bailey Millard.

"Many critics are saying that Markham's poem, 'The Man with the Hoe,' is greater than any other poem since Browning and Tennyson; and other critics are calling it the high-water mark of poetry in the nineteenth century."—The New York Herald.

"The most conspicuous literary creation in the United States this year is Edwin Markham's 'The Man with the Hoe.'"—The London Morning Leader.

"A new poem by Edwin Markham attracts more attention than a new poem by any other living American poet."—The New York Globe.

"It is no vulgar journalist who has signed Edwin Markham's passports to fame —if not to immortality: it is Professor William James, it is Edmund Clarence Stedman, it is William Dean Howells." — The New York Evening Post.

"Edwin Markham's 'The Man with the Hoe,' is the greatest short poem of our generation. No other poet has ever voiced as Markham voices the wrongs of outraged humanity—no other poet has ever flung his challenge so boldly into the teeth of custom—no other poet has ever pictured in such awful blackness the consequences that rush down from social injustice—no other poet has ever portrayed in such prophetic fashion the coming of a time when Love shall conquer tyranny and greed. . . . Edwin Markham is the one great poet left in America." —Joseph Dana Miller.

"Edwin Markham's 'Lincoln, the Man of the People,' is the finest thing ever written on the immortal martyr."—Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

"Edwin Markham is both lamb and lion —humble yet tempestuous. I am eager to include him in my new volume, Los Raros— The Rare Ones."—Rubén Darío, the greatest poet of Latin-America.

"Edwin Markham's poem, 'The Man with the Hoe,' is a great thing and a beautiful thing, in the same sense that a strain from Wagner is great and beautiful."—Hamlin Garland.

"Edwin Markham's books are now the most widely read poems in America. They are more in demand than the poems even of Kipling."—Young Men's Magazine.

"Edwin Markham is the greatest of our American poets, . . . and he is the supreme master of epithet in American letters."—Thomas Walsh.

"Edwin Markham is the leader who gave us the greatest poem of the age—the most splendid of all utterances for man."— Charles Edward Russell.

"A great poet is Edwin Markham—a Miltonian ring in his verses and a Swinburnian richness in his rhymes and rhythms. I place him higher than Walt Whitman."—Max Nordau.

"America is ablaze with controversy over the poetry of Edwin Markham. He is now given—before all the world—the primacy among living American poets."—Town Topics.

"Edwin Markham is serious and yet is eternally young. He is the Man with the Hoe in the Shoes of Happiness."—The Reverend William Norman Guthrie.

"Edwin Markham is a poet. If his volume contained nothing beyond his 'Look into the Gulf,' it would be a memorable volume. The first lines, particularly, are the spontaneous vision of a spacious imagination."—Richard Le Gallienne.

"I want poets who are moved and surprised by Truth and Beauty, and stirred by the spectacle and contacts of life. . . . Edwin Markham is a poet with a world vision—one who can love with Beauty, grieve with Sorrow, and blow the bugle-calls of Truth."—John Galsworthy.

"Edwin Markham—the magician of the pen—his name is a household word in two hemispheres."—The Suisun Courier.

"Edwin Markham's poem, 'The Angelus,' reaches the highest attainable harmony of artistic form and poetic feeling. . . . . This poem is worship in its highest, most joyful form: it is a hymn that the evening—if not the morning—stars might sing with a new Adam in Paradise."—Dr. Marion Mills Miller.

"Edwin Markham first arrested attention as a poet of the social vision. . . . The poetry of the younger group in America was barren of the social motive before the appearance of his poem, 'The Man with the Hoe.' Whitman's message had not crystallized into definite social expression in our poetry. . . . The social unrest of the 90's, all the passion for social justice then springing into life, had found no spiritual expression in American art until Edwin Markham—with the vision of a seer—focused it all to a luminous centre in 'The Man with the Hoe.' Instantly America responded, a new realm was made free, and a great influx of vitality poured into American poetry."—The New York Times Book Review.

"Edwin Markham is the greatest poet in the America of to-day, a worthy comrade of Whitman and Emerson in the greatness of his soul, and sweeter than either of these in his songs."—Dr. George Wharton James.

"The powerful geniùs that created 'The Man with the Hoe,' has, in his new poems, taken the boundless ages for his realm. They include 'The Angelus' and 'Lincoln, the Man of the People,' . . . Edwin Markham undoubtedly stands first among contemporary poets; and his 'Lincoln' and his 'Man with the Hoe' will survive the rack and ruin of time."—Book News Monthly.

"Edwin Markham's poems are the highest expression of the genius of America and of the genius of humanity. Our Victor Hugo is the intellectual, the national, and the international brother of Edwin Markham."—Dr. Marcel Knecht, official representative of France in America.

"Edwin Markham, in his poem, 'The Man with the Hoe,' sounded the humanitarian labour note in America in the early dawn of the 20th century. That note went over the world, sending a new quickening into the poetry of our age. Markham may be said to have originated a new tendency in

our poetry, a tendency that turns for inspiration to the common and human in the life of the toiling and struggling millions about us."—Jessie B. Rittenhouse.

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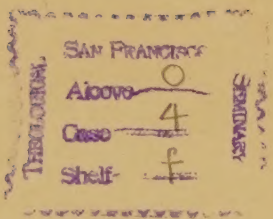

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